Of your name, or his ſcape. *Enter 2. Friend.*

Iay. Pray heaven it hold ſo.

2. *Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.

Iay. They are welcome,

2. *Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and diſcoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whoſe meanes he eſcapt, which was your
Whoſe pardon is procurd too, and the Priſoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a ſumme of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile aſſure you.

Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.

1. *Fr.* How was it ended?

2. *Fr.* Why, as it ſhould be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their ſuites fairely granted,
The priſoners have their lives.

1. *Fr.* I knew t'would be ſo.

2. *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.

Iay. I hope they are good.

2. *Fr.* They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1. *Fr.* T'will be knowne.

Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

Iay. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O Sir when did you ſee her?

2. *Fr.* How he lookes?

Iay. This morning. (ſhe ſleepe?

Woo. Was ſhe well? was ſhe in health? Sir, when did

1. *Fr.* Theſe are ſtrange Queſtions.

Iay, I doe not thinke ſhe was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her queſtions, and ſhe anſwered me
So farre from what ſhe was, ſo childiſhly.
So ſillily, as if ſhe were a foole,

An Inocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her Sir?

Woo. Nothing but my pitty; but yo
As by an other that leſſe loves her:

Iay. Well Sir.

1. *Fr.* Not right?

2. *Fr.* Not well? ——— *Wooer*, N

Woo. Tis too true, ſhe is mad.

1. *Fr.* It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it ſo.

Iay. I halfe ſuſpected
What you told me: the gods comfort
Either this was her love to *Palamon*,
Or feare of my miſcarrying on his ſc
Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why all this haſte Sir?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late w
In the great Lake that lies behind the
From the far ſhore, thicke ſet with re
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voyce, a ſhrill one, and atten
I gave my eare, when I might well p
T'was one that ſung, and by the ſmall
A boy or woman. I then left my angl
To his owne skill, came neere, but ye
Who made the ſound; the ruſhes, and
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laide me dow
And liſtned to the words ſhe ſong, fo
Through a ſmall glade cut by the Fiſ
I ſaw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She ſung much, but no ſenc
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to'ch wood to gather Mulber
Ile finde him out to morrow.

1. *Fr.* Pretty ſoule.

Woo. His ſhackles will betray him,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal. 24